

railroading. I must close. Tell all the boys hello, and hope to be back with them in a few months. Bill, you may give this to the Frisco-Man, as it may interest quite a few of the boys that do not have a chance to know what a real live railroad is.

W. B. Hartline, formerly of the Valuation Department in St. Louis, writes from Houston, Texas, of his experiences as a Flying Cadet in the First Prov. Squadron, Ellington Field. His letter is dated January 25, and was addressed to C. A. Reeder of the Valuation Department.

Got back to Ellington Field all O. K. on the 3rd, and have been very busy ever since, and beginning Monday we will begin the study of French, which means we will be busier than ever.

I have made out pretty well, but had an accident which kept me from flying over a week. I was flying by myself for the third time when I had it. I had just landed and what in my notion was too rough, I gave her gun to go up again. I had just started when I saw two planes in my way, so I tried to turn and to up across the wind. When I turned I was headed right for the whole bunch of ships that were parked, so the only thing to do was to try to go up with the wind. I started with it all right and got about 15 feet off the ground when a puff caught me and twirled me around and I fell. That would have been O. K., but I was pretty well excited and didn't pull the gun, so I made a couple of wild turns on the ground, then went upon my nose and over on my back.

I lay there for about 5 minutes, though it seemed an hour, until the ambulance arrived and they unfastened my belt and let me out. The doctor thought my arm was broken, but it was only strained a little, and I only lost about 10 days flying. I was up today for 1 hour and 46 minutes, hit an air pocket and dropped about 50 to 75 feet. Sure was ticklish, though it is great sport. Three of the fellows had little accidents in landing due to high wind today, but no one was hurt except for a few scratches.

I flew a Canadian ship yesterday, but is too fast for me to land (as yet) but I am going to take another crack at her again in about a week.

It has been pretty cold down here for the past month except the last few days—three blankets felt fine. How are all the boys?

The following is a letter written by Guy Taylor, formerly ticket agent at Fort Scott. The letter is addressed to E. E. Dix, General Agent at Ft. Scott, and dated "New Year's Day, in the Field, France." Mr. Taylor is with the Engineer Corps.

My Dear Mr. Dix:

Happy New Year to you and yours, and I wish each of you many more of them.

Had hoped to receive our mail again before the close of the old year, but no such good luck. We haven't had a scratch from the states since December 16.

This no doubt will be a year full of American history. We should be proud to be on earth and able to lend a hand to help in the making. The whole world agrees, I think, with possibly the exception of the Huns, that President Wilson is

another Lincoln and without doubt General Pershing will be another Grant or Sherman. Wonder who our other great generals will be? I understand the kaiser has said: "It won't take as many ships for our boys to return as it does to bring them over."

This is expected, sad but true, but I'll wager, when we get through with the kaiser he and his people will have plenty of room in Germany and that they won't have any use for any more territory for quite a spell, either. Also they will learn that war doesn't pay.

Note by the Paris paper that the ex-premier is contemplating asking each family to adopt an American soldier. Believe me, I want a sweet mamma and three big sisters; don't care where they are located, just so it is back in civilization. My vocabulary now consists of about 25 words. Hope to make it 250 or perhaps double that number on the week's leave I will probably get in the early spring or summer.

Today closes the history of my first six months of army life, three weeks of which were spent in training, two days enroute to New York, fifteen days aboard ship, six days in England and the balance, four months and a half, on active service here and there in France. We have had a few hard knocks, but it's all in the game and I feel none the worse after all; also enjoyed all the thrills of a big battle.

We had a very pleasant Christmas day. Uncle Sam furnished us with turkey, potatoes and coffee and the British with their famous plum duff pudding and brandy sauce. In the morning the ground was covered with ice and sleet. It snowed the greater part of the afternoon and in the evening were entertained by the boys of our detachment with boxing matches, wrestling and singing. Received some useful gifts from the women's auxiliary of Company D and the Red Cross; also six packages of good "eats" and tobacco from the folks back home. Must have a two months' supply of tobacco on hand now. Am very grateful indeed to the British government, our government and the people of the good old U. S. A. for being so well remembered.

Must have been misinformed about the winters they have here or this one is an exception, as the ground has been frozen for the last two weeks; also covered with ice and snow. Real cold, too.

Sincerely,

GUY.

New Year's Day, in the Field, France.

The following letter is from J. T. Lane, formerly an Agent on the River & Cape Division, but now a Sergeant in the Ordnance Depot at Camp Doniphan.

My name appearing among the "Honor Roll" of the December, 1917, Frisco-Man, and enlisting in the Service June 30, 1917, feel obligated to write a few lines of Camp life to the boys who are still on the job with the Frisco Family, all of us now being Government employes binds us closer in our every day work.

I'm prohibited from writing news of the Camp for publication as I would like to however, I'm doing my "bit," serving in the Accounts Division of the 126th, Ordnance Depot at this Camp with rank of Sergeant of Ordnance First Class. The work is very interesting, handling practically every thing of warfare type under the supervision of Lieut. A. G. Briggs.

At the present time I can look out the door and see the whole world going by in clouds of dust and dirt Texas bound, probably tomorrow it will come back through on its way to Kansas and Missouri. We have all conveniences possible for a rag bunga-

low city of several thousand who are each day mastering their duties to defeat the kaiser at the earliest possible date.

Our Detachment is about 75 strong, only drill about thirty minutes each morning, which is very small considering the roll and daily drill schedule of a line Company, and two of us being from the Frisco would like to know at all times the changes along the line, if at any time you have a surplus of copies of the "Man" would appreciate very much to receive one.

The following is a letter from J. C. Hutchison, son of C. R. Hutchison, for many years connected with the Frisco. The letter is addressed to his parents, and is dated December 25, 1917, somewhere in France.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and many of them to all. It is not exactly a typical Xmas morning, but there is snow (about six inches), temperature about 10 above and clear. Our Xmas presents will be here about noon, I think, for several trucks have been sent after it already. It is mail any way.

Last night we had quite an entertainment in the "Roundhouse." We had a large Xmas tree all decorated and about fifty electric lights all over it. The whole inside of the building was hung with pine boughs and the effect was pretty nice, the fattest man in the regiment was Santa Claus. Talk about bag-pipes, we had an original Irish Bag-Pipe band, there was also a French violinist who was certainly fine. Then our own stringed band came around, our sextette (I sang —ahem!) also gave a few selections and was encored five or six times. The fact was it was all good.

At the end coffee was served and each man received a white sock full of nuts and apples, a couple sacks of tobacco, cookies and some "foot warmers," that were sent to us by the ladies of the 12th of St. Louis. One foot warmer for each man, both feet supposed to go in one, they are about a number 21, biggest I ever saw.

Last Sunday we had our first funeral, one of our men from Co. F was killed by an engine turning over, first loss we have had from our whole regiment. I think we are pretty lucky, a whole regiment together for over six months and not a death except this one. That shows we are a pretty healthy lot.

This afternoon nearly all of us from Springfield are going to get together and have a little feed and talk over old times, etc., that's what we are planning on anyway. I haven't eaten hardly anything since yesterday morning, we are going to have "some" dinner. You should see the turkey, it won't be late like our Thanksgiving dinner was.

As I have said before, this Army life is not so bad if one wasn't so far from home or even had some kind of an idea when he was going to get back.

(Twenty-four hours later.) This is the first chance I've had to write since yesterday morning, one hundred and four sacks of mail came and thirty more today; I received eight packages myself. It was sure sweet of you and everyone concerned too, you know I appreciate it and can't thank you enough, so won't try. Everything was just what I wanted.

Yesterday afternoon after our Xmas dinner Claude Harris, Harold Walker and myself went down to see Lt. Burke. Ed Merritt didn't get down; as it was snowing and he would have had to come quite a distance. We had some entertainment. A bunch of the colored boys sang and

played mandolins, etc. There was one colored man in the British Army from Springfield named Will Harper, I don't know him though.



A. Hilton Named to Federal Post.

A. Hilton, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Frisco was recently appointed Regional Passenger Representative, by R. H. Aishton, Regional Director of the Western Railroads under Director General McAdoo.

Mr. Hilton has been with the Frisco for many years, and is looked upon as one of the most able passenger traffic men in the entire country.

His appointment to this important post by Mr. Aishton is evidence of high regard for his ability.



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Address J. B. Bernoudy, 915 Olive St., St. Louis.



Another woman who is filling the place of a man called to the colors. Mrs. Eva B. Gibbs is the new Agent at Haverhill, Kan. She is working hard to make a good agent, and all indications are that she is succeeding.

Tobacco and Relaxation.

It has been said that a man never commits a murder while smoking, that the comfort and pleasure which tobacco brings precludes criminal acts.

We users of tobacco appreciate this more than those who do not. We know the pleasure of sagging back, unlimbering our minds and taking a good smoke, and forgetting all our troubles and perplexities in the ease of the moment.

The more strenuous the life and the greater the hardships, the more is tobacco appreciated. No where and at no time have men been subjected to greater mental tension and physical activity and general discomfort than on the great battle front in the Old World.

Our boys are there, and are putting their shoulders to the wheel. The moments of ease and relaxation are few and far between, and it is up to us to make these moments more pleasant by donating to the Tobacco Fund.

It is a crisis with us, and they are our forefront and defense. When off duty and idle, men get power and energy for moment of duty, and the greater the amount of enjoyment they get out of these few moments of relaxation, the greater the amount of energy they can put forth when called upon.

Recently the Frisco employes sent a large amount of tobacco to the boys at the front, but the work should not stop here, and this even though it was a goodly quantity of the weed, will be consumed in a very short while.

We want everyone to send in contributions to Mr. L. O. Williams, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of the Frisco, which he will arrange to have converted into tobacco to be shipped to the front. Small amounts and large amounts are requested. Think it over and help.

To January 31, \$85.35 had been received by Mr. Williams, and those subscribing were: E. D. Levy, B. T. Wood, T. A. Hamilton, J. H. Doughty, A. Hilton, J. N. Cornatzar, F. C. Reilly, C. H. Baltzell, Roy Helm, Frank Emby, Springfield General Offices, B&B Gang No. 20 Fort Sill, Treasury Department, and miscellaneous donations.



Conservation of Man-Power.

By C. C. Gorsuch, Safety Inspector.

At the present time you can see in most all public places, placards, posters, or painted signs calling our attention and impressing upon our minds the necessity of conservation of food-stuffs, coal and many other items, which are indeed very important at this time and are also absolutely necessary to enable us to successfully win the war. To my mind it has also appeared that at this time the question of conserving our MAN-POWER is of far more importance than ever before, and naturally brings to your mind, Safety First, which is now and always will be the foremost factor along this line. If there ever was a time when Safety First rules and principles should be kept in the front line, and the people of the Nation be made to realize the importance it is at the present time, when we have been made to plunge into an awful conflict which necessitates the sending of the best man-power in our truly great nation to the front line trenches. The going of these strong and brave young men makes it necessary to call into action three classes namely as follows: First, the young man who has not yet reached his time of supreme efficiency; Second, the retired, who has already achieved his portion of this world's goods, or who has been physically disabled; and last but not least, the Woman, who in my estimation is to play a very important part in the struggle.

This also brings to my attention the thought that we should be made to feel the importance of impressing upon their minds the great rules and principles of Safety First, which is undoubtedly the first step in conservation of our man-power. Soldiers are considered heroes and given great honor and glory when it has been necessary for them to die on the

battle front in defense of the stars and stripes, but I believe it is truly a disgrace to us an intelligent, progressive people to see and permit the hundreds of bright intellectual people get crippled and killed each day for our carelessness or neglect of our duty or vice versa.

As stated above this is the time when we should put forth our best efforts along Safety First Lines, cautioning all to be careful, FOR IT IS BETTER TO BE CAREFUL THAN SORRY, illustrating to them in many cases where others in their same capacity have fallen by the wayside by not having done so. First, the young man who is now entering upon his duties as before stated has not yet reached his supreme efficiency, probably having left his school training a year or so short to get in and meet the great demand. And it makes no difference which department of life he should desire to enter, whether it be Mechanical, Professional or otherwise, he is very liable to become careless and indifferent in a short time, for his tender mind has not as yet conceived of the many dangers which lie in his pathway. Second, the elderly or retired man is liable to forget, omit or at the same time become careless for we must bear in mind the fact that the world has changed wonderfully since he was actively engaged in its operation. Third, the woman as stated above, is to play a very important part from this time on, and is to be congratulated upon her entry. She must naturally be impressed with the importance of this great work, and once she has fully realized its importance will readily take hold and be an indispensable factor in the Safety First movement.

The first lesson they should be made to fully realize is that of Rules 30 and 31, Maintenance of Way book of rules, which

read as follows: Rule 30—"No officer or employee of this railroad is authorized to request or require any employee to use defective tracks, cars, machinery or appliances of any kind. Any employee doing so does so at his own risk." And rule 31—"Employees of every grade are cautioned to see for themselves, before using same that machinery and tools which they expect to use are in safe condition for the service required, and if not, to put them in safe condition for the service required before using them. The railroad does not wish or expect its employees to incur any risks whatever from which by exercise of their own judgment and by personal care they can protect themselves, but enjoins them to take time in all cases to do their duty in SAFETY, whether they may at the time be acting under orders of their superiors or otherwise."

I sometimes think that employees who are just entering the service have the idea that in railroading it is necessary for them to take chances and use bad tools, cars, tracks and other appliances, however, this time has already been passed, and railroads and other large corporations of every description are wanting careful men, FOR THE CAREFUL MAN IS THE SAFEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL BY FAR. They must be made to realize that it is part of their days work to do their best to prevent accidents, for it is better to cause a delay than an accident. Every employee should be impressed with the fact that he is not only to be careful himself, but to see that his fellow employees are cautioned when he is taking chances, and we are sure to conserve our man-power, which is after all the purpose of Safety First.



THE WRONG WAY.

The men in the switch and train service are familiar with the above unsafe practices and many can recall personal knowledge of accidents that have happened in this way. It is needless to say that a man who takes chances with his life is not a modern railroader and it is only a question of time before he will be looking for a job that will pay a great deal less than he is now earning because he has lost a leg or an arm. A wise employe knows better than to follow such a practice.